

2d.

Daily Mirror

All the News by
Telegraph,
Photograph, and
Paragraph.

An Illustrated Paper for Men and Women.

No. 157.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND PICTURES JUST RECEIVED FROM THE FAR EAST.

Taken by "Mirror" Special Camera Correspondents.

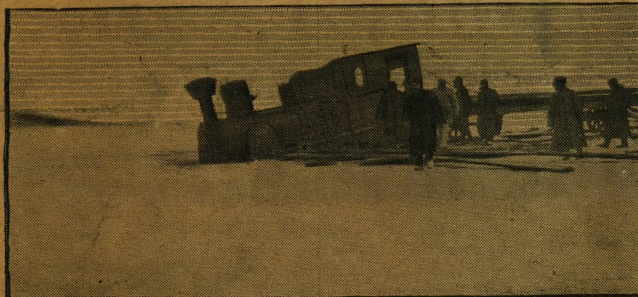


Feng-huan-cheng, the Manchurian town to which the Russians have retreated after their defeat at the hands of the Japanese.



A Japanese spy, disguised as a coolie, investigating the railway guards on the outskirts of Mukden.

ACCIDENTS ON LAKE BAIKAL.



The ice on Lake Baikal can no longer support the trains of the Siberian Railway. This engine, No. 371, has sunk in a hole in the ice.

NEWCHWANG SAID TO BE CAPTURED.



Newchwang, it is reported, has been attacked and captured by Japanese. This fort at Newchwang is situated at the mouth of the Liao River, on which the town stands.

ONLY MARRIED RESIDENT.



The only married Korean left in Sunan. He is fourteen years old. His wife, aged twenty-five, has left him, and he lives on the Japanese soldiers.

AMMUNITION CARTS AT TOKIO.



Bullock waggons and carts of war stores are an everyday sight in Tokio now. These loads of ammunition are on their way to Hiroshima, to be sent to the front. Though Tokio boasts modern trams and other civilised means of transport, these primitive bullock waggons are still common.

MANCHURIAN WAR-GOD.



This is a Manchurian god of war, enshrined in one of the many temples at the theatre of war, and worshipped by the native population.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Light westerly, to freshening southerly breezes; fine and warm to changeable and showery.

Lighting-up time: 8.28 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderate in the west; smooth elsewhere. Foggy in places.

TO-DAY'S NEWS. AT A GLANCE.

General Kuropatkin, in an official report of the fight on the Yalu, attributes the loss of men, guns, and horses to the superior forces of the Japanese. He says that the guns were rendered useless before being abandoned. Further reports say that the Japanese captured twenty field-guns, in addition to the twenty-eight quick-firing guns already reported.—(Page 2.)

Striking scenes were witnessed at the last attempt of the Japanese to "cork" Port Arthur, the bravery of the cadets who manned the fireships being described as without a parallel in naval history.—(Page 2.)

Last evening the royal visit to Ireland was brought to a conclusion, the King and Queen embarking on the royal yacht at Kingstown. Their Majesties, who were accorded an enthusiastic farewell, reach Holyhead this morning.—(Page 3.)

King Edward is taking great interest in the Royal Household Cricket Club, whose season is to be opened at Windsor Castle on Whit Monday. It is possible his Majesty will be present on that occasion.—(Page 9.)

In the Commons the second reading of the Bishoprics of Birmingham and Southwark Bill, moved by the Premier, was agreed to on a division, the measure being afterwards referred to the Standing Committee on Law.—(Page 3.)

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach presided over the first meeting of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline, held at Westminster. The proceedings were private.—(Page 4.)

Reuter's Budapest correspondent states the condition of Mr. Maurice Jokai, the famous Hungarian author, has become so much worse that the end is hourly expected.—(Page 3.)

No less a sum than £34,000 was realised at the sale of the Marquis of Anglesey's theatrical jewels.—(Page 5.)

At Kendal, the two prisoners, Nicholson and Metcalfe, accused of having administered poison to an aged farmer, were committed for trial at the Assizes.—(Page 5.)

For extraordinary conduct towards Miss M. J. Beverley, an actress, Mr. Allan Gordon, an elderly gentleman, offered an apology, and was accordingly bound over.—(Page 5.)

Through two carriages of a train leaving the rails at Warwick-road Junction westward traffic on the District Railway was much delayed. Fortunately there were no serious injuries.—(Page 4.)

The young farm hand Fry, accused of murdering a boy friend, was at Farnham Police Court further remanded until to-day, when the case for the Treasury will be presented. The proceedings on this occasion were public.—(Page 9.)

Good progress is being made with the electrification of North London trams, and it is expected that by the summer cars will be running to Ponders End and High Barnet.—(Page 4.)

It was stated at the meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society that 5,027,000 copies of the scriptures were issued to the public during last year.—(Page 4.)

The Rev. St. Clair Donaldson, rector of Hornsey, has accepted the Bishopric of Brisbane.—(Page 4.)

Austro-Hungarian authorities are experimenting with a new form of projectile which, it is claimed, can be made to travel in a manner similar to the hawk.—(Page 5.)

Charged with stealing jewellery value £500 from a cab in Conduit-street, W., a man named Keefe was remanded. The police stated Keefe had made a confession, but he denied that this was so.—(Page 6.)

Another of the successful series of nameless pictures is printed to-day.—(Page 6.)

Sergeant W. Canonbury, of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, wrote a pathetic letter before committing suicide by shooting at Chelsea Barracks. At the inquest it was stated his accounts were wrong.—(Page 5.)

Drill with the smokeproof helmet now takes place weekly at the headquarters of the London Rifle Brigade. We publish special photographs.—(Pages 7-9.)

A strange double tragedy was reported from Blyth. Mr. W. Main, a local resident, and his housekeeper, named Bell, being found drowned.—(Page 4.)

When the young man Moore appeared on remand before the Bristol magistrates, it was stated he had confessed that his story of inherited fortune was quite untrue.—(Page 5.)

This evening the Leap Year dinner, organised by ladies with a view to aiding the Samaritan Free Hospital, takes place at Prince's. Each table will be presided over by a lady.—(Page 9.)

Lady Frances Balfour considers the proposal to do away with barmads "perfectly monstrous."—(Page 9.)

Operations for pulling down the Star and Garter Hotel, Nessgate, York, where Dick Turpin was a frequent visitor, commenced yesterday.—(Page 4.)

Special pictures and photographs from the Far East appear in this issue.—(Page 1.)

"Grey Friars," our racing expert, gives a graphic description of the race for the Chester Cup, which was won by Mr. W. H. Walker's Sandboy.—(Page 10.)

There was again a good time on the Stock Exchange, though the profit-taking, realised, was being slightly lower. In Foreigners, Japanese bonds remained firm, despite preparations for a new issue. Kaffirs were flat.—(Page 5.)

MADAME MELBA.

Prima Donna Gives Rules of Life for a Great Singer.

INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

Madame Melba, who is singing in London to-day for the first time this season, was yesterday kind enough to say a few words to a *Mirror* representative on the subject of learning how to sing.

In the charming drawing-room of her house in Great Cumberland-place the great singer laid down a few most important rules for the guidance of those who wish to become singers.

"The first thing to do," she said, "is to find out, not only if you have a voice, but if you have the physique and constitution necessary to become a singer. The most important thing of all is the constitution. You must have a great constitution, otherwise it is quite hopeless for you ever to think of being able to sing. A singer must learn to deny herself and all sorts of things to put up with, any amount of hard work, and all sorts of discomforts.

"People come to me wanting to learn to sing—people with narrow chests and sloping shoulders. I tell them to go home. Very unkind of me perhaps, but still," said Madame Melba, with a charming smile—and I thought to myself she never could be unkind.

Physique Essential.

Then she spoke of the necessity of having a good physique. "Look," she said, "at Ternina, Calvé, the two De Reszke brothers, Alvarez, Renaud, and Schumann-Heinicke, all of whom are the most perfect specimens of humanity.

"Another qualification," she continued, "is to have musical intelligence. You may have the finest voice in the world, but be never able to sing because you have not musical intelligence. You must be musical, too, and have studied music since you were quite a youngster."

I asked a question which brought a ready reply. "Yes, studying and enormous application are great essentials. You must also have ambition, a set of specially-constituted nerves, and any amount of artistic courage.

"Take myself for an example. The day I am going to sing I am fussy and fidgety the first thing in the morning. I go to the piano. I think I am lucky; I pace up and down the room, and try my voice; fancy I am ill, and go round and worry my doctor. But directly I put my foot on the stage after my first phrase, it is all gone, and I am perfectly at my ease."

"For instance, to-day I have been rehearsing for the concert to-morrow, and I thought I was horrible, but from the ovation the orchestra gave me I imagine I was not horrible," she concluded with a smile.

Simple Fare.

"Do you have to study your diet at all?" asked the interviewer.

"Most certainly. I never eat any but the very simplest food. The days I sing at one o'clock I have an omelette, a beefsteak with fresh vegetables, and a baked apple, and I drink white wine and water. At five o'clock I have a fried sole, and during the performance I take an occasional sip of distilled water—nothing else till I go home at night to supper."

"And, by the way, that is the happiest time in a singer's life—when you go home to supper feeling you have sung well, and you enjoy your supper, and you go to bed. Then I am quite happy."

The interviewer asked, "Having ascertained your fitness to become a singer to whom should you go for lessons?"

Madame Melba smiled enigmatically. "I think, as a rule, it is better to go abroad to study, because then one learns the language at the same time, and every great singer must be a linguist, too. But here in London could one have better than Tosti or Randegger. And then the fact that in Paris Jean de Reszke has just opened a school of singing is a very great thing for young aspirants of the present day."

Breathe Slowly.

"But, above all, you must be healthy. I take a hot bath in the morning, followed by a few moments cold shower, and then later I either walk or ride in the Park. You must have sensible clothes and flat heels, walk upright, and breathe deeply, or you will never be able to sing."

"Never begin to sing seriously until over seventeen, and too much practice is as bad as too little."

"Now, I really think I have told you all I can think of," said Madame Melba, rising, and on the interviewer remarking that she had never had the pleasure of hearing Madame Melba sing, she replied, "Then you shall now—on the gramophone, one of the records which I am sending out to my father in Australia." And it was with the exquisite liquid notes of the "Lucia" song ringing in her ears and the remembrance of the most charmingly courteous treatment that the writer left the London home of the Australian nightingale.

MELBA CONCERT.

Madame Melba appears this afternoon, for the first time this season at a concert at the Queen's Hall, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital.

The programme contains several other attractions, for Fraulein Ternina and Monsieur Renaud are appearing, as well as Signorina Sossoli, who will play the harp.

COMING SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Wednesday.

The rumour of the issue of orders for the mobilization of Brazilian troops is confirmed, and military and naval preparations are proceeding actively.—Reuter.

LORD ROSEBERY AND THE POPE.

ROME, Wednesday.

Lord Rosebery was received in private audience by the Pope to-day.—Reuter.

KING'S TOUR ENDS.

"Come Often to Erin" Is Ireland's Farewell Request.

QUEEN'S "MIRROR" PHOTOGRAPH.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

DUBLIN, Wednesday.

Their Majesties have concluded their pleasant ten days' tour in Ireland, and embarked on board the royal yacht at Kingstown at half-past seven this evening. The King and Queen will land at Holyhead about 11.30 to-morrow morning, and the royal train will arrive at Euston at 5.45.

The morning at Lismore Castle was spent by the King in writing letters, while the Queen and Princess Victoria walked in the grounds of the castle, and again visited the weir pool on the River Blackwater, where salmon abounds. Before luncheon their Majesties were photographed on the lawn with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and the other guests at the castle.

The royal party left Lismore Castle at 2.35, and drove to the station, where their train was in readiness to convey them to Kingstown.

Once More Aloft.

At seven o'clock the royal train passed outside Kingstown Station and ran down to the harbour. The warships *Aeolus*, *Melampus*, *Lancaster*, and *Junco* thundered forth a salute of twenty-one guns as the train steamed in. Their Majesties walked from the harbour station to the Admiralty wharf, where the launch was waiting at the stairs to convey them to the Victoria and Albert.

The royal yacht remains in Kingstown Harbour till 4 a.m. to-morrow morning, when she proceeds to Holyhead.

The departure of their Majesties from Kingstown was, like their arrival, the signal for a tremendous outburst of genuine enthusiasm and goodwill, which appeared to please them very much.

The heartfelt wish echoed everywhere was, "God bless their Majesties, and may they come often to Old Erin."

A portrait of the King and Queen, taken at Killenny Castle, appears on page 6.

QUEEN TAKES THE "MIRROR."

The humorous incident of Tuesday, when the Queen snatched the *Mirror* representative, as related in our issue of Wednesday, is commented on by our contemporaries.

"The *Express*" says: "An enterprising journalist ventured to the water's brink to take a snapshot of the Queen. Observing his fell design, the Queen turned her camera upon him, and they both shot each other at the same moment, her Majesty laughing heartily at the encounter."

"The Daily Chronicle" thus describes the encounter: "A little group of people were watching the scene at a distance, and one, advancing boldly to the water's edge, turned his camera-lens at the Queen. Her Majesty, observing this, challenged him to instant combat, and pointed her own camera at him, the two shutters snapping at the same moment, upon which the Queen laughed merrily at the little incident."

We hope to publish later the photograph taken by our representative.

WOMAN GAGGED AND ROBBED.

Singular Outrage Committed by Disguised Desperadoes.

Disguised as plumbers, two men committed a daring robbery in the house of a New Brighton joiner named Rainford.

Mrs. Rainford admitted the men into her house about three o'clock in the afternoon on the representation that they had come to examine the gas meter. On getting into the kitchen one of them demanded money, and on being refused knocked Mrs. Rainford down, tied her hands behind her back, the tablecloth over her face, and laid her on the hearthrug.

When Mr. Rainford arrived home he found his wife semi-conscious, bound and gagged, on the floor. An examination showed that £3 10s. in cash was missing, and, curious to say, all the doors and windows were fastened from the inside.

PREMONITION OF DEATH.

Widow's Pathetic Letter of "I Have Had to Struggle with the World."

The pathos of life was poignantly brought out in the inquiry yesterday as to the death of Mrs. Eliza Silverthorne, a widow of sixty, who was found dead in bed in Great Chart-street, Hoxton. On the table was the following letter addressed to her niece:—

"I hope you will not be upset when you get this, but think it is for the best. You know I have tried my best, and you have helped me. I should have gone mad long ago if I could not have come to see you and the dear children. You have been a dear, kind girl to me, and father and the children as well. You have given me food when I have been hungry. I wish I could pay you for all your kindnesses by post. I have sent you all my pawn-tickets by post. They are not much good to you, but you must sell them and repay yourself. I have burnt all my papers; no one will want to see them when I am gone.

You know, dear, I have been a widow seventeen years. I have had to struggle with the world ever since my dear husband died. If he was alive this would not have happened. Thanks for all your kindness to me. . . .

I cannot write any more. I have forgotten how to spell. I am getting aged. God bless you all.

The evidence, however, showed that death was not due to suicide, but to degeneration of the heart. The doctor said that it was quite possible the deceased had a "premonition of approaching dissolution" when she wrote the letter.

DESPERATE LOVER.

Snatches His Departing Sweet-heart from a Train.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.

The passengers by the Transatlantic express, which left the Gare St. Lazare this morning for Cherbourg, were witnesses of an alarming and romantic incident.

As the train was gliding out of the station a young man, who had the appearance of an Oxford undergraduate, kept moving along the platform near the last Pullman car, at the rear of which was standing a beautiful young lady with golden hair and costumed in a well-fitting tailor-made dress.

"Won't you say 'Good-bye'?" he shouted to the young lady, in an appealing voice. "Yes," she replied, blushing, whereupon the Englishman dashed forward. Just as she bent down towards him the young man seized her outstretched hand in both of his, and, in spite of her struggles, refused to let go.

Then, suddenly putting forth all his energies, just as the car reached the end of the platform, he gave a vigorous pull, and jerked the young lady off the step on to the platform beside him. She fell heavily upon him, and both rolled over in the dust.

Kisses Follow Tears.

When they regained their feet a violent altercation ensued, the lady complaining that her baggage had gone on to Cherbourg, and that her ticket to New York, for which she had paid £37, was now useless.

After some moments, however, the young man's evident distress touched the girl, and, smiling through her tears, she kissed him, and they made it up.

As a crowd of people was beginning by this time to gather round, the lovers linked arms, and, as they passed out of the station, the lady's face was wreathed in smiles and the young man was looking supremely happy.

The explanation of this unusual incident is said to be that the young man, coming over to Paris unexpectedly, found his sweetheart at a fashionable restaurant with a medical friend of his. A scene was the result, and the lovers parted in anger.

For several days the young man lost sight of his sweetheart, and only accidentally learned that the beautiful young American was leaving for the United States this morning. He made up his mind to prevent her going, and did it in the desperate manner described.

WHO IS THE LADY?

Another Opportunity of Naming the Nameless.

On page 6 of to-day's issue will be found the photograph of a lady whose name is probably known to the majority of readers.

We invite letters or postcards (telephone messages will not be considered), addressed to our "Picture Puzzle Department," stating her identity.

Replies must reach our office, No. 2, Carmelite-street, before noon to-morrow. The reader of the first reply opened giving a correct solution of the puzzle will be awarded one guinea.

The award for the Puzzle Picture in yesterday's issue will be announced to-morrow.

Our Tuesday's puzzle was first correctly solved by Mrs. Parsons, of Cornhill, Vicars, Ensworth, Hants. A cheque for £1 is. will therefore be forwarded to her.

This building, as correctly stated by Mrs. Parsons and many thousands of other readers, is the Mosque at Woking.

CHURCH "DISORDERS."

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain Gives His Views "As a Dissenter."

Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons yesterday moved the second reading of the Bishoprics of Birmingham and Southwark Bill, asking that it should be considered on its merits and not be made the excuse for discussing matter altogether outside it.

In giving the Bill his support Mr. Joseph Chamberlain said that everybody knew that he was a Nonconformist, and believed that the policy of Disestablishment would relieve the Church of England and increase its influence. But the House of Commons was hardly the place to discuss such theological details. Speaking generally, he was strongly opposed to illegal practices, whether practised by laymen or by priests.

Everybody should obey the law. If the present means to have the law enforced were not sufficient he would support the Opposition if they brought it by laymen or by priest.

Mr. McArthur's amendment was rejected by 279 to 97, and, upon the Opposition challenging a division, the second reading of the Bill was carried by 283 to 85.

HIGH-HANDED ACTION.

Russian Cruiser Searches a British Mail Ship on the High Seas.

PORT SAID, Wednesday.

The P. and O. liner *Osiris*, which has just arrived here, reports that when nine hours out from Brindisi the Russian warship *Krabi* stopped her by firing a blank shot, and detained her for two hours, during which time the mails were sorted. She was then allowed to proceed.

The Japanese mails were demanded, but were untouched, as they were at the bottom.—Reuter.

WROTE 200 NOVELS.

BUDAPEST, Wednesday.

The condition of the Hungarian author, M. Maurus Jokai, who is lying very ill, has become so much worse that the end is hourly awaited.—Reuter.

Lord Rosebery was received in private audience by the Pope yesterday.

At Chatham Dockyard yesterday an hydraulic crane toppled over, and its driver, William Parker, was killed.

At the Kingston Police Court yesterday a lady was observed carrying a fox-terrier puppy in a basket, the animal being wrapped in brown paper to keep it warm.

Many of the discarded South London tramway cars have been taken to Lincolnshire, to be used as shelters for the Irish labourers imported for potato-picking and the corn harvest.

After their long journey from Egypt the remains of Lord Clinton, who was for many years Lord-Lieutenant of Devon, were buried at Dolton, North Devon, yesterday.

The L.C.C. preferred the conduit system for their tramways, but most provincial towns have adopted the overhead system in preference. Yesterday the Folkestone Corporation decided to ask Lord Radnor to vary the agreement with regard to the corporation tramways from the surface to the overhead system, on the grounds of economy.

KILLED ON A "TUBE."

During the excavating for the new "tube" at Chalk Farm yesterday an iron "skip," containing half a ton of earth, fell over on to one of the workmen, named Usher. When the skip was removed the man was found to be dead.

HUSBAND'S HARD CASE.

"It is a very hard case, but you are liable, and must pay," said the Judge at the Derby County Court to William Holmes, who was being sued by a draper for goods supplied to his wife. Holmes said he had no knowledge of the debt, and his wife had since run away with another man to Canada, taking all his money and probably the goods he was now being sued for with her.

DEPRESSED BY REDUCED MEANS.

At the inquest on the body of Philip Law, a printer, of Stockwell-road, who had drowned himself in the Thames, it was stated that he had worked on the staff of the "Times," where he received £2 10s. a week. Leaving that paper to go to another where his wages were only 2s. a week had very much depressed him, and on Monday last he had left his home never again to be seen alive.

DYING MAN'S MALEDICTION.

"To all my relatives,—May you all know what it is to suffer the torments of purgatory, Good-bye, all."

This was the strange last letter left by Arthur Warrington, a goldsmith, of King-street, Soho, who committed suicide in Hyde Park by taking cyanide of potassium.

At the inquest yesterday a verdict of Suicide whilst insane was returned.

INN WHERE DICK TURPIN SAT.

The demolition of the Star and Garter Hotel, Nesgate, commenced yesterday. With the disappearance of this inn the last proved association of the once notorious highwayman, Dick Turpin, with the city of York will have departed.

It was in the tap-room of this old hostelry that Dick Turpin sat drinking his beer while the soldiers of the King passed and repassed outside in eager search for him. But no one could be found to betray him.

Crowds of visitors yesterday took their last opportunity of viewing the old inn before it disappears under the assaults of the housebreaker.

KNEW THOUSANDS OF M.P.s.

Mr. William Wilson, the head doorkeeper of the House of Commons, who is retiring after forty years of service on account of failing health, has probably known more Members of Parliament than any living man.

Mr. Wilson has numbered among his acquaintances Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Balfour, and a host of other distinguished Cabinet Ministers.

The Speakers who have occupied the chair during the last four decades were Speakers Denison, Brand, Peel, and Gully, each of whom Mr. Wilson well remembers.

MORE STREET HOOLIGANISM.

When visiting Sheffield William Cox, of Dennington, was accosted by two rough-looking men in the shadow of an arch quite close to the railway station and savagely attacked. While unconscious Cox was robbed of a considerable sum of money and his boots, his assailants then leaving him in the roadway.

A little girl who witnessed the affair told two civilians, and they detained a man of the name of Crisp, who was yesterday committed for trial.

STRANGE DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

William Main's body was found on the sands near Blyth, and the body of his housekeeper, Mrs. Bell, was discovered in a water-barrel at Main's house on the same day. Both were drowned, but there is no explanation of the way in which either of them died.

At the inquest it appeared that Mrs. Bell acted as housekeeper for Main, and a few days ago, when Main's brother missed some money, she was accused of taking it. Although she strenuously denied the charge, Main gave her notice to quit, and in consequence Mrs. Bell remained out of doors two nights last week, sleeping in the wash-house.

THAMES WILL BE CROWDED.

A good season on the river is predicted for this year by a writer in the "Gentleman," who estimates that over 100 house-boats and nearly 700 steam, electric, and motor launches will be seen.

Small motor boats are making huge strides into popularity, and big motors will grow bigger and bigger. The Prince of Wales is likely to run his steam launch May.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

After burning for eight days the great fire in Haydon-square, Minories, was finally extinguished yesterday.

Coggeshall, in Essex, is suffering from a plague of rats. During the threshing of a small wheat stack there no fewer than ninety-six of the pests were killed.

Reporting to the urban council the medical officer for Hexham says his attention has been called to a severe case of diphtheria in a child which was undoubtedly caught from a cat.

Lord Roberts will be unable to be present at the public demonstration by members of the Boys' Brigade, to be given at the Albert Hall to-day, so Major-General Mackinnon will preside.

To an astonished Bredbury policeman, who asked him what he was loitering for, a man named Hatton explained that he was a burglar, but he had forgotten his tools. He was remanded for the state of his mind to be inquired into.

BABIES AS CLUB CANDIDATES.

It takes years for any undistinguished person to become a member of the Marylebone Cricket Club, which has a large and ever-increasing list of candidates waiting for election, consequently there are many "elegant high society folk" who nominate their sons almost immediately after birth, in the hope that by the time they reach "cricket age" they may have a chance of being admitted into the premier club.

HORNSEY RECTOR BECOMES BISHOP.

The Rev. St. Clair Donaldson, rector of Hornsey, has decided to accept the offer of the Bishopric of Brisbane.

Mr. St. George Alfred Donaldson was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He had been chaplain to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and curate of St. Andrew's, Bethnal-green, and St. Mary of Eton, Hackney Wick.

UNCLE'S BASE INGRATITUDE.

Last March Charles Clackett, being old and out of employment, became indigent and had to go to the Birmingham Workhouse. His nephew, Thomas Clackett, heard of his misfortune, and not only took his uncle out, but found him clothes and food, and then gave him some work to do. The prisoner rewarded this act of charity by decamping with all the money he could lay his hands on.

The wicked uncle was sent to gaol for a month with hard labour.

"ROBBED OF £200,000."

Before Mr. Plowden was an old man of no occupation, named James McCabe, who was charged with begging in the Edgware-road. A constable said the prisoner stopped several gentlemen and held before them a large card, on which was printed in bold type, "Robbed of £200,000 by Forgery, Perjury, and Robbery, by a Roman Catholic Priest, and his Curate."

The Marylebone magistrate, finding that McCabe had not been given any money, discharged him with a hope that some day he would succeed in recovering some of his fortune.

FREE FOOD FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Councillor Jarvis has given notice to move at the forthcoming meeting of the Islington Borough Council, "That it is desirable that local education authorities should be empowered to spend public money for the purpose of providing food for children attending public elementary schools wherever, in the judgment of the authorities, it is desirable in the public interests that such provision should be made."

If the foregoing resolution is adopted it is proposed that the London County Council and other metropolitan borough councils shall be invited to support the proposal.

AFTER 1,300 YEARS.

In a letter issued by the Bishop of London with reference to the commemoration of the revival of the See of London the Bishop says, "We commemorate this year the 1,300th Anniversary of the revival of the See of London in 694 A.D., being the consecration of Mellitus."

The occasion will be marked by a special Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's Cathedral to-day, to which all the London clergy are invited, "to offer a united thanksgiving to God for his care of London during 1,300 years."

BREAKDOWN ON THE DISTRICT.

A train from Wimbledon yesterday afternoon fouled the points at Warwick-road Junction on the District Railway, with the result that two carriages left the line. There were about twenty passengers in the train, and one of them complained of having been severely shaken. The traffic westward was disorganised.

After half an hour's delay the line was cleared for Ealing and Hounslow trains, but traffic between Putney and Wimbledon remained disorganised for a considerable time longer. The permanent way as a result of the accident was cut up for some distance and the woodwork of two of the carriages splintered.

CHURCH ARMY AND THE OUTCAST.

The Duke of Fife presided yesterday over the annual meeting of the Church Army.

Mr. Colin F. Campbell, hon. social secretary, presented a report that last year the army, in its moral work, dealt with some 60,000 cases. Forty-three thousand persons were received into the labour homes or rescue shelters. Of those who were received in the rescue homes 35 per cent. came from workhouses and 20 per cent. came from prisons, and considering the class of men with which they had to deal he regarded it as very satisfactory that only 15 per cent. had been dismissed from the homes for insolvency or some other form of insubordination.

The men earned £32,000 by their labour in the homes.

At the Fulham Grand Theatre on Monday next Mrs. Lewis Waller will give her 1,200th performance of Belasco's version of "Zaza."

Miss Ada Crossley, the famous Australian contralto, who has returned to England after her tour round the world, will give a concert at St. James's Hall on the 24th inst.

An escape of gas caused a fire at St. Matthew's Schools, New Kent-road, yesterday. The firemen were just in time to restrict the outbreak to the classroom on the ground floor.

Lord Raglan has proclaimed next Tuesday a Bank Holiday in the Isle of Man, the occasion being the motor-car eliminating trials in connection with the Gordon Bennett Cup race.

At Neatishead, Norfolk, a man named Morter died from the effects of an insect-bite, and at the inquest a doctor said he was of opinion that the insect, just before biting the man, had come into contact with putrid meat.

THROUGH OBLIGING A BARONET.

George Castle, a tailor, formerly of Wells-street, told the Official Receiver in bankruptcy yesterday that his failure was due to having accepted accommodation bills for Sir Robert Peel.

"MURDERED BY PERSONS UNKNOWN."

No light has been thrown on the mystery of the death of Mrs. Berry, who was found strangled in a partially-built house in Stamshaw, Portsmouth, some weeks ago. At the inquest the jury had to return a verdict of "Wilful Murder against some persons unknown."

CRIPPLED THROUGH PLAYING RACQUETS.

Persistent racquet-playing has compelled Mr. T. J. Grimson, who for thirty years was instructor in the game at Eton, and then retired on a pension, to have his left leg amputated.

The strain of twisting and turning while playing, which is especially felt by the left leg, caused the main muscle to contract and set up a bad circulation; mortification then set in and made the operation necessary.

SCOTCH DOGS FOR THE WAR.

Major Richardson, of Carnoustie, who for a number of years has made a speciality of training ambulance and war dogs, has just received a communication from St. Petersburg asking him how many ambulance dogs he can supply for immediate service in the Far East with the Russian troops.

Major Richardson's dogs were exhibited at the Naval and Military Exhibition at the Crystal Palace in 1901 and at the Glasgow Exhibition.

CHAPERONES FOR THE ARMY COUNCIL.

Under the new order, no lady, especially if young and attractive, will ever be allowed to set foot in the War Office. But female influence is not to be checked by merely shutting the office door.

The next question for the Army reformer is how the mere men who unfortunately must always compose the Army Council can be isolated against this subtle and insidious force. How would it do, suggests a writer in "The Tatler," to order that each Councillor shall be guarded by an elderly and vigilant chaperon whenever he dines out or goes into society?

"DISORDERS IN THE CHURCH."

Yesterday afternoon the first meeting of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline was held at the Church House, Westminster. Sir Michael Hicks Beach presided.

The meeting was private. At the close of a communication was made to the Press that the Commission is prepared to consider applications from persons desirous of giving evidence on breaches or neglect of the law relating to the conduct of Divine service in the Church of England and the ornaments and fittings of churches prevalent within the last twelve months. The sittings of the Commission will not be open to the public, but the evidence taken will be published in due course.

PLAGUE OF FLIES.

For the past fortnight Harrow has been suffering from a plague of flies. There is a doubt as to what they are, probably the ordinary English midge, but there are such numbers as to constitute a phenomenon. Dr. Lambert, one of the school doctors, told a *Mirror* representative:—"Their sting leaves a small ring which disappears in a few hours, but while it lasts is most distressing. At the bottom of Grove Hill in the evening it is almost impossible to breathe without swallowing them. I have seen them like this in South America, but never in England."

Mr. Welsford, another master, said he had seen people walking about in the evening with handkerchiefs tied round their heads to protect them. "All my children have been stung," he added.

MOTORISTS AND THE PUBLIC.

The committee of the Automobile Club have issued a letter in which they ask members of the general public to co-operate with them to ensure the good behaviour of erring motorists.

After appealing to all drivers of motor vehicles to drive with consideration, the committee "invite the public to draw attention (by letter addressed to the Club Secretary, Automobile Club, 119, Piccadilly, London, W.) to flagrant offences by motor drivers against the laws of etiquette and good feeling which are well understood and generally observed by all classes of road users, and to such conduct as may, by causing unnecessary vexation and inconvenience to the public, prejudice the best interests of automobilism in this kingdom."

If the offending motorist be a member of any club he will be dealt with by that club, and if he is unattached the complainant will be informed of the fact.

Lord Salisbury has been confined to his house for two or three days with an attack of bronchitis. He is now going to the seaside for a few days' rest.

One hundred and forty pounds has been awarded to a widow at Wakefield as compensation for the death of her son, who was killed while working for the Lofthouse Colliery Company.

Thirty gallons of spirits burst into flames in the cellar of the Coach and Horses public-house, Homerton, through the vapours of the spirit coming in contact with a gaslight.

Lady Knightley of Fawsley, the eloquent champion of women's rights, has been elected chairman of Badby Parish Council, and has persuaded two other ladies to join the council.

Not noticing that detectives were watching her, Emily Harris tapped the pockets of eleven ladies in Birmingham. In the eleventh she found a purse, and when she had taken it she was arrested, and sentenced to ten months' imprisonment.

For stealing the gratings placed round the bottoms of trees in Crumspurall two brothers have been sent to prison for three months. Gratings seemed to have a fascination for them—they had been punished for a similar offence before.

GOOD FOR NORTH LONDON.

So rapidly is the electrification of the trams in North London proceeding, that it is expected that by the summer cars will be running to places as far distant as Ponders End and High Barnet.

In Green Lanes the track is laid, and the standards erected as far as Wood Green, while from the Archway Tavern to Whitstone the track is also ready.

WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO A GIRL.

Mary Derry, who was in the company of Mr. West, of Briggs, has been sentenced to six months' hard labour for brutally ill-treating her employer's twelve-year-old daughter. The prisoner, her knock-knife girl, when kicked, struck her with a stick, and pulled her about by the hair. On other occasions she was said to have beaten her with a poker and stabbed her in the arm with a knife.

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL IN WAX.

Madame Tussaud has conferred her honours upon the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple. Clad in Geneva gown, with a copy of the Testament in the right hand, the model is a lifelike reproduction of the popular preacher. The pose is wonderfully characteristic and suggestive of the City Temple pastor's familiar reasoning mood. Facing this, fittingly enough, there is the model of Spurgeon.

WOULD MEET DEATH ALONE.

Charles Fleming, an Islington painter, went home in a quarrelsome mood last Saturday night and broke up the furniture. His wife was so frightened that she went to sleep in a neighbour's. On Sunday Fleming's house was barricaded. On Monday, when the house was broken into it was found that he had barricaded the door of his room with a table, chairs, boxes, and the fender, and then hanged himself from the bed-post.

BIBLES FOR THE MILLION.

At the hundredth annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which was held yesterday at Exeter Hall, the Rev. J. H. Risdon stated that during the past year the society had issued over 5,697,000 copies of Scripture. The income from all sources amounted to £238,880, while the expenditure reached £226,149, leaving a deficit of £12,739. The total deficits during the past six years have amounted to £77,100 3s. 7d., while the balance to be raised of the Centenary Fund stands at £411,500.

HE WAS NOT DAN LENO.

"I thought this was a court, not a music hall. I am not Dan Leno, and if you are going to laugh I won't say any more."

A seaman named Adams thus indignantly addressed the court at the Yorkshire Assizes. The court had laughed at his defence. Charged with burglary, he said burglary meant breaking into a place, and he had not done that; he had just lifted the window up and gone in.

The defence proved unavailing; he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

"MY HEAD IS ON FIRE."

Benjamin Young, a gasfitter who had been out of work since Easter, when found sitting on a seat in Wandsworth Common said he had taken spirits of salts. A penknife was run through the following letter pinning it to the seat:—

"My head is on fire. Break my unhappy end to Carrie (his wife) as quietly as you can.—H. Young."

He died a few hours later, and at the inquest the jury returned a verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane.

FOR YOU

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£10,000 A YEAR—AND AFTER.

Bristol Youth Confesses His Story of a Fortune Was Untrue.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BRISTOL, Wednesday.

Smiling unconcernedly at the eager interest with which his appearance for a second time before the Bristol magistrates was regarded by the crowded court, Ernest Arthur Moore, whose story of the inheritance of a great fortune and subsequent arrest on a charge of fraud have earned him such notoriety, took his place in the dock again to-day. The evidence was confined to that of the detective who arrested him in Islington, and to whom Moore, it now appears, made a statement as they were travelling together from London to Bristol.

It was shortly before Easter that Moore's friends first heard the story of his good fortune. At that time he held a humble business position in Bristol, and in his leisure hours adorned the meetings and other functions organized by the Young Men's Christian Association. Everybody was astonished to learn from him one day that he had come into £10,000 a year, with an additional legacy of £17,000.

Off to His Solicitors.

The solicitors who had informed him of his windfall were, he said, acting on behalf of the estate of his late father, the Rev. E. A. Stephens, of Cambridge. The fact that he refused to divulge the name of this firm caused some of his friends to be sceptical as to his story, but others, it is said, lent him various sums of money on the strength of it. When he left on a visit to London shortly afterwards it was understood that he had gone for the purpose of interviewing these solicitors. His friends did not see him again until he was brought back to Bristol in the custody of the police.

Detective Ford, who arrested Moore, told the Court how he had taken the prisoner to Islington. Before the detective entered the witness-box Moore turned and chatted with him for some time in the most amiable manner.

It was on April 8, the detective said, that he received a warrant for Moore's arrest. On April 26 he carried the warrant into effect. On that day, in company with Detective-sergeant Williams, of Islington, he was watching a house in Essex-road, when Moore went past. He stopped him, and afterwards escorted him to Islington Police Station.

He was formally charged with obtaining money by false pretences, but made no reply. Subsequently he said, "Don't let anybody see me to make a fuss here."

His Confession.

During the journey to Bristol Moore said, "I am really glad you have found me. I shall be glad when it is all over. I was only earning three shillings a week from the clothing club in Bristol where I was employed."

"I shan't give you any trouble. You know there is no truth in what I said about having money left me. I had to make the people believe it to get money."

Afterwards Moore said to Detective Ford that he hoped if anyone else had charges to bring against him they would do so at Bristol. "I will go straight if I get a chance after I come out," he added. "I don't think I had more than £150, and the people I had can afford to lose it. I have never swindled poor people."

The detective, before concluding his evidence, stated that, with another officer, he had gone through nearly three hundred letters addressed to Moore at Bristol Y.M.C.A. They were principally begging letters.

Moore declined to put any questions to this witness. Asked by a magistrate if the detective had given his evidence fairly and truthfully, he replied, "Quite, sir."

After the prosecuting solicitor had intimated that the police were investigating other allegations of fraud against the prisoner, Moore was remanded till Wednesday next.

COSTLY STAGE CRAZE.

Marquis of Anglesey's Theatrical Jewels Sold For £34,000.

It is not often that pantomime properties realise such sums as was bought yesterday afternoon at Christie's. It need hardly be added, however, that the objects which came under the hammer were not the ordinary stock-in-trade of the theatrical costumier, but real jewels of extraordinary beauty. No owner's name was mentioned in the catalogue, but it was an open secret that these wonderful pearls, diamonds, and coloured stones were those which the Marquis of Anglesey delighted to sport at his private Drury Lane.

His pearls especially were of enormous size, and in several instances perfect, both in shape and colour, and the 120 lot realised close on £24,000. The highest price was given for a large pear-shaped pearl, not by any means the largest in the collection, but most exquisite in colour, which fetched £4,000. Another pearl, similar in shape, realised £3,700, and another, perfectly round, and of the size of a hazel nut, for £3,000, whilst five more rose well into four figures each.

Among other gems, a splendid oval ruby in diamond border excited keen competition and was sold for £2,100, and £700 was given for an unmounted square emerald.

LONDON NOT AN EL DORADO.

From the evidence given at the inquest yesterday on Martha Buckheim, aged twenty-three, a German lady, whose body was found in the Serpentine, it appeared that she experienced disappointment concerning two situations.

Coming to London from Berlin as a nursery governess, on April 6, she remained with one family for four days. At her second situation she stayed for one day.

The coroner remarked that no doubt she came to London, like a good many other people, thinking it more of an El Dorado than it was.

The jury found the girl committed Suicide while temporarily insane.

TAKING REFUGE IN THE PANTRY.

Actress's Alarming Experiences with an Elderly Admirer Whom She Refused to Marry.

Five months ago Miss Mary Josephine Beverley, an attractive young actress, made the acquaintance of Mr. Allan Gordon, a middle-aged gentleman living in Ebury-street, Piccadilly. Yesterday she asked Mr. Denman, the Marlborough-street magistrate, to grant her protection from Mr. Gordon, whose behaviour had become so alarming that she went in fear of her life.

Mr. Gordon, it appeared from her evidence, became passionately fond of Miss Beverley. When she declined to marry him he threatened her, she said.

Fled From the House.

"In gentle, half-hesitating tones she told the magistrate in detail the story of her alarming experiences with her infatuated lover. When some time ago he asked for her hand in marriage, she refused, saying 'I do not want to marry yet.'"

"Three weeks ago," she went on, "in response to a letter, I went, accompanied by a lady friend, to Mr. Gordon's rooms."

"I want to see Molly alone," he said, and my friend went out of the room.

"What do you want with me?" I asked him, and he replied 'I want to ask you if you will marry me.'"

"When I said 'No,' Mr. Gordon became very excited, locked the door, and exclaimed, 'I'll shoot you.'"

"I was very frightened, and 'hammered' at the door until the housekeeper arrived. Then I ran out of the house, jumped into a cab, and drove home."

Continuing her story, Miss Beverley said that on the following day Mr. Gordon wrote, returning her her box, which in her hurry she had left at his place. He also apologized for his conduct. She afterwards wrote telling him they had better part, and received three more letters from him, in which there were no threats.

Detective-sergeant West interposed at this point with the remark, "They only say he will follow her wherever she goes."

Miss Beverley, continuing, said she next saw Mr. Gordon on Saturday last outside Charing Cross-mansions. "Will you marry me?" he again asked. "She had a feeling of sorrow for him," she told the Court softly, but she had to reply, "I cannot marry you," having previously told him that they could only be friends.

He then informed her that he had sent her

an invitation to dine with him at the Cafe Royal, and to get rid of him she promised to do so.

He called on Sunday, about two o'clock, at her flat in Charing Cross-mansions, but she was hiding in her room with her lady friend. The servant told him they had gone to Richmond.

She went to Richmond, and returned in the evening, and about nine o'clock there was a loud knocking at the door. This time she hid in the pantry.

Retreats to the Pantry.

"It was Mr. Gordon who knocked," Miss Beverley told the magistrate, "and he remained talking to others at the house for two hours. I had to remain in the pantry all the time and heard everything that was said. I never had such an experience in my life, and never got into such a state before, fearing every minute he would break in and shoot me."

"I heard him say he loved me very much, and would marry me. All the time he had a revolver in his possession."

Mr. Denman: Do you say you are afraid he will do you some injury?

Miss Beverley: I am really afraid. I thought of leaving London through it.

Mr. Barrington Matthews, who appeared on behalf of Mr. Gordon, said his client was a gentleman. He frankly admitted the circumstances except the threats, which he denied. He never threatened to shoot Miss Beverley.

Mr. Denman: It is very surprising for a woman to hear such nonsense. A man goes about with fire-arms and talks about shooting himself and her.

Mr. Gordon's Renunciation.

Mr. Matthews: He assures me he never made such a statement as the last. He did threaten to shoot himself. He now says he acted in a foolish way. He is willing never to approach the lady again. If you will accept this view there may be an end of the matter.

Mr. Denman: I shall be satisfied if he is prepared to say, as a gentleman, "I now say I understand she does not wish to have any more to do with me, and I am prepared not to press my suit upon her."

Mr. Gordon (with emotion): I am prepared to say that, and that I regret my conduct. I loved her very much, and am very sorry.

Thus the matter ended, Mr. Gordon being formally bound over.

GUARDSMAN'S INGLOURIOUS END.

Commits Suicide After Thirteen Years' Good Service.

For thirteen years Sergeant William Canonbury, thirty-three, has served with the colours, and latterly he acted as a paymaster in the 3rd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards. Of cheerful disposition, he was ever ready to help the recruit, and as a result enjoyed considerable popularity among the men.

A few days ago, when he was to have submitted his accounts for half-yearly inspection, he was found dead in the store-room with a rifle across his knees. Apparently he had placed a piece of string on the trigger, but the muzzle of the rifle in his mouth, and pulled the string with his foot.

In his bunk was found the following letter:—

Good-bye everyone. I am tired of this life. I am very sorry for my wife and children, and also for Major Monk, who has always treated me well. I wish I could say the same of everyone else. You will find the key of my cash-box in my pocket and all the accounts made up ready to sign the book at 10.45.

Major Monk, who saw Canonbury early in the morning, said the money in his cash-box was £213 short. This balance had since been made up from other sources. He knew nothing of anyone having any grievance against Canonbury.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

JEWELS LOST FROM A CAB.

Story of a £500 Theft While the Driver Slept.

A curious story was told at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday in connection with the charge against a man, named Thomas Keefe of stealing jewellery worth £500 belonging to Mrs. Nina E. Simpson, living in Kensington-gardens-square.

Mrs. Simpson said that she left her dressing-bag for half an hour in a cab outside a house in Conduit-street, where she was calling. When she returned to the cab her bag was missing.

To Detective-sergeant Bowden, who told Keefe that he was making inquiries about a bag which had been stolen, the prisoner is alleged to have said, "Yes, I 'pinched' it. Holly and I were together. I don't know what made me do it. I was drunk at the time. I should not have attempted it, only the old man was asleep on the cab."

"When I found what was in it, I did not know what to do with it. We took it to a house in the Seven Dials and sold nearly all the jewellery to Jim Stone. He gave us £20 for our corner."

The prisoner said that what the detective had said was not accurate.

Mr. Denman remanded him.

In the House of Commons yesterday, the preamble of the London United Tramways Bill was passed. This measure authorises a new tramway to Staines.

A conviction by which Mr. Edward Akott was fined £20 and £10 costs for sending out without the printer's name a placard dealing with the Westminster municipal election has been upheld by the King's Bench.

KENDAL POISON MYSTERY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

KENDAL, Wednesday.

After a hearing extending over three days the Kendal magistrates to-day committed to Appleby Assizes Elizabeth Nicholson and Thomas Metcalfe, on a charge of murdering James Gilpin by poisoning him.

Evidence was given that Metcalfe had said that he wished Gilpin was dead, that he was going to marry Nicholson at Easter, and that Gilpin, who had been living with Nicholson twenty years, died a fortnight before Easter.

TRIED THE DEAF SIDE.

Mr. Moses Kay, of Blackpool, whose wife is seeking a divorce from him on the ground of cruelty and misconduct, went into the witness-box in Mr. Justice Barnes's Court yesterday and gave



MR. MOSES KAY, whose wife wants a divorce. Yesterday he denied her allegations of cruelty and desertion. (Sketches in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

an emphatic denial to all the allegations made against him.

On one occasion, he said, when he went up to his wife and asked her to leave her father's house and go and live with him she answered, "I am deaf on that side."

The hearing was again adjourned.

NEW AMBASSADOR LEAVES FOR LONDON.

VIENNA, Wednesday.

Count Mensdorff, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, has left for London.—Reuter.

At Silver City, Idaho, there are, it is stated, three hundred bachelors and only three unmarried women, who receive on an average a hundred proposals a day.

WINGED SHELLS.

Novel Projectiles That Fly Like a Hawk.

The Austro-Hungarian military authorities are experimenting with a new form of long-range projectile. At present immense force is wasted in raising the projectile to the height necessary in the curve it describes in the air. A shot fired in a horizontal line towards its objective, or with a low trajectory, has greater penetrating power, and this is the ideal of every artillerist.

The Austrian invention is suggested by the rapid swoop of a hawk.

The shell is fitted with wings of steel which fold fan-wise into a groove. Immediately on leaving the muzzle of the gun these steel pinions are released by a powerful spring, and spread out on each side of the shell. At the same time, other steel blades, which are folded in a tube in the interior of the shell, are released in the same way from the rear of the projectile, and spreading out aid in maintaining a horizontal flight like the outspread tail of a bird. The "wings" and "tail," in fact, play the same part as is done by the feathers of an arrow, or the "winged" javelins of ancient times.

To ensure the shells starting upon their flight with the wings outspread horizontally the interior of the cannon is rifled with two parallel grooves.

NO LONGER HIS OWN COUNSEL.

The Court of Appeal yesterday decided to hear the appeal brought by Mr. David Bishpam, the opera singer, who was unsuccessful recently in his divorce suit.

It was stated that the hearing had been previously postponed to enable Mrs. Bishpam, one of the co-respondents—who was ill abroad, to return to this country and conduct his case in person.

Major Studert returned to England last week, but has been taken seriously ill again. He has, therefore, given up all hope of conducting his own case and had engaged counsel.

THE CITY.

There was proft-taking in the stock markets yesterday, which brought prices to the level of the 22nd. Eastern news caused some selling in foreigners and Kafirs, fearing Pacific developments. Proft-taking was also in evidence among the gold-mining shares, and the new loans closed a little easier for the day, but with a reviving appearance in the last hour. There were two important pieces of news about the railways. The Grand Trunk Railway is issuing £500,000 of Guaranteed stock at 90, which is the present price of the old stock, and the extra concessions do not amount to much. Some doubts were consequently expressed as to its success. Moreover, the Grand Trunk Railway was going to increase, whereas the market had expected more. So that Trunks were flat. Japanese bonds, however, were kept firm, apparently in preparation for the new issue.

Proft-taking was specially noticeable in Home Rails, where the traffic returns did not find much favour, being considered disappointing. Underground stocks were an exception.

New York seemed disposed at first to support American Rails, but they closed rather weak. Canadian Pacific were helped by a good traffic. The greatest strength was in the Argentine Railway group. The knowledge that committees had been appointed to consider an amalgamation between the Bahia Blanca and E.A. Pacific and Argentine railways, was the reason. The Chilean section of the Transandine Railway was being taken in hand, and an excellent array of traffic, especially for the Rosas, which brought a rise in the market a strong tone. In spite of good traffic, Mexican Rails were quietly firm.

Russian bonds reflected the news of the Yalu defeat. Perms and Brazilians suffered from the frontier troubles. There were considerable pieces of news about Kafirs, though Paris, contrary to expectations, sold very little. The market was flat in the Street, and some of the selling was traceable to a bear attack on Kafirs, and houses. Most other mining sections were dull, but a few Westralians, like Associated and Oroyas, kept firm.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* * The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the latest quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

Consols 2½ pc. ... 99½	99½	Welsbach Ord. ... 26	26
Do 4½ pc. ... 99	99	Anglo-French ... 21½	21½
India 3½ pc. ... 96½	96½	Asiatic G. F. ... 21½	21½
"London C.C. 3½ pc. ... 92½	92½	Assoc. G. M. ... 20	20
Argentine Punt 102½	102½	Barnato Cons. ... 2	2
Brazilian 4½ pc. 1880-73 ... 147	147	Charters Cons. ... 27½	27½
Chinese 5½ pc. 1880-84 ... 103	103	City & Sub. ... 6	6
"Egyptian United 104½	104½	Cons. Gold S. ... 12½	12½
Jap. 5½ pc. 1885-88 ... 81	81	Crown Ref. ... 12½	12½
Russian 4½ pc. 1890-90 ... 90	90	De Beers Def. ... 15	15
Spanish 4½ pc. 1884-81 ... 81	81	East Rand ... 7½	7½
Turkish 4½ pc. 1881-81 ... 81	81	E. Rand, M. Est. ... 4	4
Brighton Def. ... 120½	120½	Geduld ... 6½	6½
Coloquian Def. ... 32½	32½	G.D. 1881-81 ... 2	2
Great Eastern ... 120	120	Gold Coast Am. ... 2	2
Gr. Northern Def. ... 41½	41½	Gr. Ind. ... 21½	21½
Great Western ... 125	125	Gr. Ind. Per. New 21½	21½
Midland Def. ... 70	70	D. P. Prop. ... 203½	203½
North British Def. ... 44½	44½	Gr. Flangul 10½	10½
North Eastern ... 144½	144½	"Ivanhoe ... 8½	8½
North Western ... 157½	157½	Joh. Cons. In. ... 3	3
South East'n Def. ... 57½	57½	Knights ... 6½	6½
Archeion ... 74½	74½	Lake View Cons. ... 10½	10½
Chl. Mkt. S. P. 146½	146½	May Consolidated ... 4½	4½
Eric Shires ... 22½	22½	Mary & R. ... 10	10
Evlie and N. V. 101½	101½	Modderfontein ... 9½	9½
Southern Pacific ... 48½	48½	Miner Gold ... 6½	6½
Union Pacific ... 87½	87½	Nile Valley ... 10	10
U.S. Steel Ord. ... 106	106	N. Copper ... 3½	3½
Do. Pref. ... 106	106	Nundysroog ... 1	1
"Oregon ... 26	26	Oroya ... 3½	3½
"Rosario Cons. 94½	94½	Panama (New) ... 12½	12½
Canadian Pacific 120½	120½	Perth Cons. ... 10	10
G.D. Tel. 1st Pref. 101½	101½	"Rio Tinto ... 32½	32½
Aerated Bread ... 98	98	Sons Gwalia ... 1	1
Hudson Bay ... 40	40	Trans. Devel. ... 12	12
London ... 180	180	Wassau ... 13	13
L.R. & D. Def. 70½	70½	Wassau ... 13	13
Nelson's ... 146½	146½	Zambesi ... 7½	7½
Westminster Auto. 37½	37½	Wellsford Explor. ... 1	1
Vickers, Maxins. ... 118½	118½		

Ex div.

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Do send to the Antemex Company, London, N.W., a stamped envelope, naming "Daily Illustrated Mirror," for Free Trial Sample of "Antemex," the Standard Skin Remedy, also a copyright treatise on "Skin Troubles," and 20 testimonials, post paid, in plain wrapper. "Antemex" is the most wonderful skin cure ever discovered. This cures instantly every form of Eczema, spots that dreadful irritation, bringing rest and sleep to sufferers. One bottle, 6s. 6d. or 12s. 6d. or 20s. 6d. or 30s. 6d. or 40s. 6d. or 50s. 6d. or 60s. 6d. or 70s. 6d. or 80s. 6d. or 90s. 6d. or 100s. 6d. or 110s. 6d. or 120s. 6d. or 130s. 6d. or 140s. 6d. or 150s. 6d. or 160s. 6d. or 170s. 6d. or 180s. 6d. or 190s. 6d. or 200s. 6d. or 210s. 6d. or 220s. 6d. or 230s. 6d. or 240s. 6d. or 250s. 6d. or 260s. 6d. or 270s. 6d. or 280s. 6d. or 290s. 6d. or 300s. 6d. or 310s. 6d. or 320s. 6d. or 330s. 6d. or 340s. 6d. or 350s. 6d. or 360s. 6d. or 370s. 6d. or 380s. 6d. or 390s. 6d. or 400s. 6d. or 410s. 6d. or 420s. 6d. or 430s. 6d. or 440s. 6d. or 450s. 6d. or 460s. 6d. or 470s. 6d. or 480s. 6d. or 490s. 6d. or 500s. 6d. or 510s. 6d. or 520s. 6d. or 530s. 6d. or 540s. 6d. or 550s. 6d. or 560s. 6d. or 570s. 6d. or 580s. 6d. or 590s. 6d. or 600s. 6d. or 610s. 6d. or 620s. 6d. or 630s. 6d. or 640s. 6d. or 650s. 6d. or 660s. 6d. or 670s. 6d. or 680s. 6d. or 690s. 6d. or 700s. 6d. or 710s. 6d. or 720s. 6d. or 730s. 6d. or 740s. 6d. or 750s. 6d. or 760s. 6d. or 770s. 6d. or 780s. 6d. or 790s. 6d. or 800s. 6d. or 810s. 6d. or 820s. 6d. or 830s. 6d. or 840s. 6d. or 850s. 6d. or 860s. 6d. or 870s. 6d. or 880s. 6d. or 890s. 6d. or 900s. 6d. or 910s. 6d. or 920s. 6d. or 930s. 6d. or 940s. 6d. or 950s. 6d. or 960s. 6d. or 970s. 6d. or 980s. 6d. or 990s. 6d. or 1000s. 6d. or 1010s. 6d. or 1020s. 6d. or 1030s. 6d. or 1040s. 6d. or 1050s. 6d. or 1060s. 6d. or 1070s. 6d. or 1080s. 6d. or 1090s. 6d. or 1100s. 6d. or 1110s. 6d. or 1120s. 6d. or 1130s. 6d. or 1140s. 6d. or 1150s. 6d. or 1160s. 6d. or 1170s. 6d. or 1180s. 6d. or 1190s. 6d. or 1200s. 6d. or 1210s. 6d. or 1220s. 6d. or 1230s. 6d. or 1240s. 6d. or 1250s. 6d. or 1260s. 6d. or 1270s. 6d. or 1280s. 6d. or 1290s. 6d. or 1300s. 6d. or 1310s. 6d. or 1320s. 6d. or 1330s. 6d. or 1340s. 6d. or 1350s. 6d. or 1360s. 6d. or 1370s. 6d. or 1380s. 6d. or 1390s. 6d. or 1400s. 6d. or 1410s. 6d. or 1420s. 6d. or 1430s. 6d. or 1440s. 6d. or 1450s. 6d. or 1460s. 6d. or 1470s. 6d. or 1480s. 6d. or 1490s. 6d. or 1500s. 6d. or 1510s. 6d. or 1520s. 6d. or 1530s. 6d. or 1540s. 6d. or 1550s. 6d. or 1560s. 6d. or 1570s. 6d. or 1580s. 6d. or 1590s. 6d. or 1600s. 6d. or 1610s. 6d. or 1620s. 6d. or 1630s. 6d. or 1640s. 6d. or 1650s. 6d. or 1660s. 6d. or 1670s. 6d. or 1680s. 6d. or

SOCIAL HAPPENINGS—THE ACADEMY PICTURE OF THE

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN YESTERDAY SHOWING HOW THE LONDON

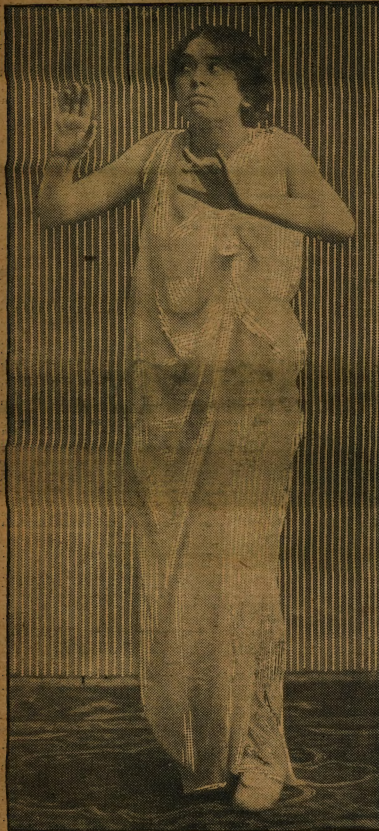


Firemen being instructed how to pick up and carry an insensible person.—(Special "Mirror" photograph.)



A fireman in the new smoke helmet, ready to enter a building. The helmet is linked to bellows. The wearer, who is in the centre of the picture, can communicate with the bellows.—(Special "Mirror" photograph.)

REAL LIFE TRILBY.



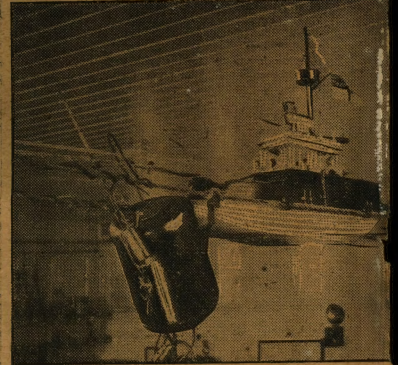
Madame Magdeleine, a Russian, dances in a hypnotic trance to whatever music is played. She has given a performance in Paris, and will shortly appear in London.—(Photograph by Fred Boissonas.)

THE KING AND QUEEN IN IRELAND.



The King and Queen at Kilkenny Castle, with their hostess, Lady Ormonde. Their Majesties return home to-day.—(Photograph by Lafayette.)

HOW A BATTLESHIP STRIKES



A Navy model which shows how a battleship strikes an electro-contact mine. This is the type of mine which wrought so much destruction at the mouth of the River.

THE NAMELESS PICTURE.



Ask your friends who this is? A Guinea prize for the correct name.—See page 3.

YESTERDAY'S GOLDEN WEDDING.



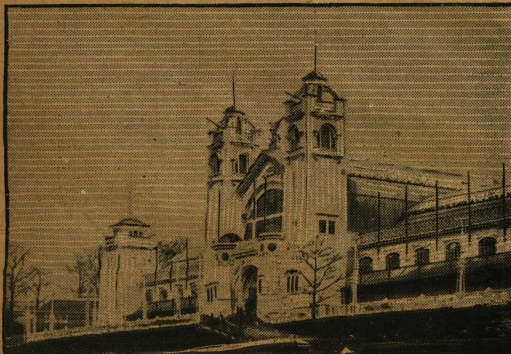
Lady Suffield, a great friend of the Queen's, celebrated her golden wedding yesterday.—(Photograph by Langley.)

TO-NIGHT'S G



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH. The Duchess of Marlborough will appear at one of the peeresses' tables at the Hospital for Women at Prince's.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT BRADFORD.



The Industrial Hall, the main building of the Cartwright Exhibition, opened yesterday at Bradford by the Prince and Princess of Wales.—(Photography by E. A. Miller.)



The Earl and Countess of Harewood, the host and hostess of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Bradford.

LIBERTY OF THE GERMAN PRESS



A German editor has been imprisoned for publishing this photograph of the military railings round Metz.

THE YEAR—THE NEW SMOKE HELMET FOR FIREMEN.

FIRE BRIGADE IS DEVELOPING—THE SMOKE HELMET IN USE.



nat of a diver, and air is supplied by means of a tube and the firemen outside the burning building by means of a telephone photograph.)

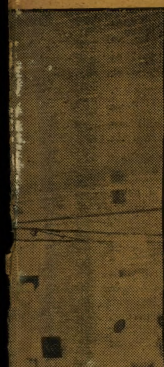


A fireman working the bellows by which air is supplied to the smoke helmet, while another attends to the communication telephone.—(Special "Mirror" photograph.)



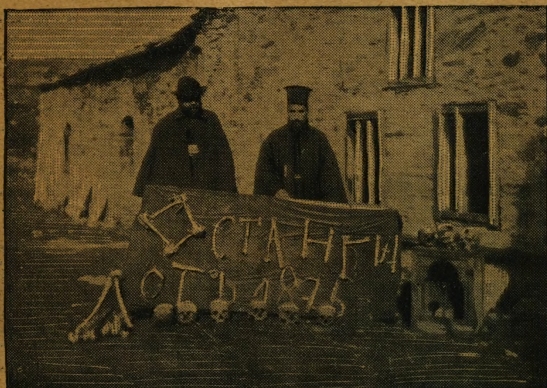
Bringing a woman down a fire-escape.

A MINE.



kes and displaces mine which has rt Arthur Harbour.

RELICS OF TURKISH BARBARITY.



These relics of the Turkish massacre at Batak are interesting in view of the unrest in the Balkans. The man in the cloak is the insurgent leader, Yarkoff.—(Photograph by Special Correspondent.)

ONE OF THE PICTURES OF THE YEAR.



This striking picture, "DESPISED AND REJECTED OF MEN," by Mr. Sigismund Goetze, is attracting great attention at the Royal Academy.

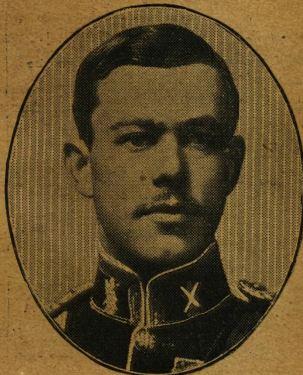
GREAT CHARITY DINNER.



LADY CADOGAN.

reside at the American table and Lady Cadogan the Leap Year dinner in aid of the Samaritan Restaurant to-night.—(Photographs by Langflier.)

TO-DAY'S BRIDEGROOM.



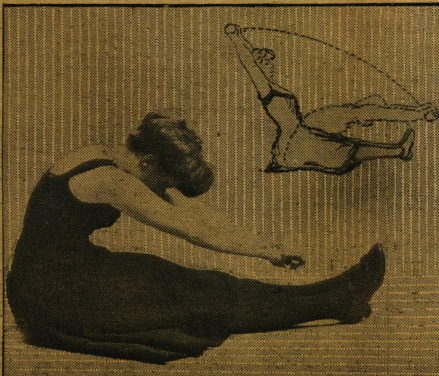
The Honourable Maurice Drummond, whose wedding to Miss Ida Drummond takes place to-day.—(Photograph by Mayall and Co.)

EN ROUTE FOR THE FRONT.



Japanese soldiers leaving Tokio to embark for the front at Hiroshima.

SANDOW'S LESSONS ON HEALTH AND BEAUTY.



Reach slowly forwards till the hands reach beyond the toes.—(Photograph by Hana.)



(1) Raise leg forwards as far as possible; (2) bring it backwards as far as possible, keeping the leg straight.—(Photograph by Hana.)

ARE BACHELOR GIRLS REALLY HAPPY?

INDEPENDENT DAMSELS.

LONELY OLD AGE THE PENALTY THEY PAY.

There has arisen a totally new class in these days—bachelor girls. No longer is the old maid a name of terror and reproach—a synonym for a sour-visaged, gossiping, narrow-minded woman who has never married. She is now a woman whose life is full of interests in spite of the fact that she has no husband. We all feel that to still attach to her the antique name of old maid would be absurd, and so we call her a bachelor woman.

Now, there is so much charm about her novel independence, so much pleasure in feeling she can lead a man's life, and do as he does in a thousand ways, that there is some danger of the bachelor girl getting too attached to it. One not infrequently hears modern girls sneering at marriage, declaring its duties and responsibilities a bore, and openly avowing that they don't intend to be bound by such fetters, when they can lead a far more delightful life unmarried.

All Right in Youth.

Let us look into this matter a little. No doubt it is an excellent thing that the old style of unmarried woman is dying out. We infinitely prefer the practical, sensible, helpful woman, who has found that life has its pleasures, and its compensations even for the unmarried.

There must always be women who do not marry. What a splendid thing it is that these women, into whose lot marriage cannot come, should not only accept the inevitable, but should accept it cheerfully and contentedly! What a comfort it is that they should be able to find it so full of advantages that they don't even regret any other kind of life!

But let us look rationally at the matter. All men and all women were destined for marriage, and if marriage does not come into their lot, at least some part of their destiny is unfulfilled. A woman has such qualities in her as only wifehood and motherhood can bring out to the full. She has a craving for intimate love and companionship and sympathy that can only be satisfied by marriage; and the woman who has never married has never reached the highest happiness of which life is capable.

But What About Middle Age?

A happy wife is a thousand times happier than the most contented and emancipated bachelor woman; for the one has reached a point of happiness which the other has never succeeded in reaching. The bachelor woman may never be happy; she may know the delights of freedom, of usefulness, of living her life for others; but don't let her think or say that her destiny is a higher one than that of the married woman who has faithfully fulfilled her duties as wife and mother, and don't let her suppose she is happier, however contented she may be.

Moreover, ask her to look ahead. Ask her what she will feel like when lonely old age marks her for its prey, as without near kin and kin to love and care for her she must face the dark path unaided.



[Specially drawn for the "Mirror" by Miss HOARE.]

A lovely muslin frock for earliest summer wear, full particulars of which will be found in an adjoining column.

THE MOMENT

FOR MUSLINS.

WHERE TO BUY THE DAINTIEST DRESSES.

May is by the poets extolled as the most delicious of all the months of the year, but as a rule it is on their words alone that the reputation of May relies. This season, however, we have had perfect May weather, and as a consequence have been discussing with our dressmakers the important subject of muslin frocks, and not without reason, for this is to be a summer devoted to diaphanous raiment of all types.

Careful Making Required.

The Early Victorian girl in her toilette of white book muslin will be conspicuous. Her sash will be a pale blue one, or one of chine blossom silk, and she will wear a Romney hat, dipping in front over her brow, and at the back over her prettily-dressed hair, wreathed with roses, and, perchance, tied loosely beneath her chin with lace or ribbon strings. White muslin blouses we shall also see, decorated with broderie Anglaise and mounted upon silk slips, the smartest of which will be champagne colour.

Many dressmakers can make cloth frocks, but it is only given to the few to be successful with muslin ones. For a muslin gown must be an evidence of artistic forethought on the part of its maker, nor must it fail to miss the trade-mark of the amateur—a purposeful attempt at simplicity, that is not a success. Simplicity is in these days synonymous with elaborate detail, the building up of effects that produce, in result, a complete and striking harmony.

A Pretty Example.

Illustrated on this page is a little muslin gown that proclaims its maker as a highly successful manipulator of muslin. It is a charming frock, the pattern large, soft-coloured spots upon a delicate background. The lace yoke, a delightful compromise between the old sailor collar and the modern drooping shoulder effect, is edged with a broad frill of lace, and is brought together in front beneath a huge silk bow that matches the colour of the spots. Are not the sleeves pretty, with their gauged stripe up the inside and their large wristlet ruffles? Any colour could be chosen for the dress.

The maker of this gown, which costs only five guineas and a half, though it is mounted on silk, is Angela, of Conduit-street, whose customers are rejoicing in many other dainties of a like kind, for Angela, though only newly settled in her dainty quarters, has established a reputation already for smartness, originality, and beauty. Her blouses, slips, and summer raiment generally should certainly be seen, for their acquaintance is well worth cultivating.

The wheat pattern is conspicuous in the new laces.

Linen tailor-made suits are being fashioned in Paris, not only in white linen, but also in flax, pale blue, lavender, pale mauve, sulphur, and rose-pink shades.

OUR SERIAL.

Stage-Struck.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

CHAPTER XXIV. A Chance at Last.

Mr. Charles Brougham strode through the stage door of the Renaissance Theatre that morning with an expression on his face that made the door-keeper tell himself with a grin that "the boss" was going to "make things hum" for someone.

Undoubtedly Mr. Brougham's temper was ruffled. He was rehearsing a new piece, to be produced in three weeks' time, and he had just seen in one of the daily papers a half-column interview in which the misguided author had calmly given away the story of the piece and the situations. It was one of the impresario's rules carefully to keep up his sleeve all details concerning his productions until the first night. Curiosity was stimulated, the conjectures of the Press advertise the production—and now, after taking every possible care that details should not leak out by binding the company to secrecy, this fool of a playwright had discounted the interest by giving everything away to the first newspaper man who had appealed to his vanity!

On the stage, dimly illuminated by the flaring T-light, the company engaged for the new production were assembled. Mr. Brougham strode through the little groups with a curt "morning, morning," up to the prompt-table overlooking the empty orchestra, where Mr. Homer stood.

"Has that confounded Bateman come yet?" he demanded. Bateman was the author.

"No, Mr. Brougham. By the way, I've just heard—"

"What an ass he's made of himself? I should think all the world knows that by this time," growled the impresario, irritably.

"I wasn't thinking of Bateman—a pretty various kinds of fool he is, opening his mouth to the first

Pressman that approaches him. No, it's Miss Bedolfe—"

"Good heavens, man, don't tell me something else has gone wrong!" Miss Bedolfe was the actress engaged for the second most important woman's part. "What about her?"

"Can't play," said Mr. Homer, laconically. "She's ill. Had a wire five minutes ago. Got mumps."

"What the devil does she want to go and get mumps for, just when we're rehearsing a new piece, confound her!" exploded Brougham. "No, I don't mean that, only I wish she'd chosen a more convenient time for being ill. That's the second breakdown in this part. First Miss Gloucester—she throws up the part because she's gone and got married, then this one gets mumps. Damn it, they're all alike—they don't care how much they inconvenience you!"

Mr. Homer caught a glimpse of the author of the piece appearing through the wings, and diplomatically buried his chief away to his rooms, to prevent a meeting of the two men until Mr. Brougham had cooled down a little. The impresario flung himself down in a chair; his manager took out a cigarette case and held it out.

"No, confound you, Homer—you always smoke those infernal cigarettes," Brougham cried irritably. "You know I never touch the beastly things—thanks all the same."

Mr. Homer was well used to his chief's manner. He murmured imperturbably:

"Turkish."

"Then what in thunder did you make me suppose they were Virginian for?" snapped Brougham, who had seemed to let off. Probably in a quarter of an hour his irritability would have vanished. He took a cigarette and lit it.

"Now whom are we to get in Bedolfe's place?" he said. "Damn it all, before we engage anyone else, we'll have a doctor's certificate to say she's sound—isn't going to have mumps, or anything!"

"Third time is lucky," murmured Homer, soothingly.

"Look here, Homer, you don't want to drive me mad, do you? Then, for the Lord's sake, make a suggestion, instead of these idiotic remarks, which mean nothing and are chestnuts into the bargain!"

Mr. Homer's calm imperturbability was in marked contrast to the other's impatience. No one would have dreamed that up to the moment of his chief's appearance that morning the actress's un-

expected breakdown and Mr. Bateman's indiscretion had left his nerves much in the same condition of irritability as Mr. Brougham's were now—as his secretary had reason to know. But it was one of his valuable qualities that he never allowed himself to appear worried to his chief. He reflected for a moment.

"Miss Duberly?" he said. "Good God, man!" cried the other, "what's the good of making suggestions like that? Why look what a failure she was in 'A Syndicated Love Affair.' Better suggest an extra-lady at once for the part!"

"Miss Romaine?" "She's no good for a part like this—a girlish, sympathetic part: if it isn't played with sympathy, it's a failure. There must be someone. What's the good of having companies touring if one can't draw on them when one gets up into a corner like this?"

Mr. Homer took down the big book in which was entered the name and record of every member of each of Mr. Brougham's companies.

"There's a similar part in 'Gloria,' glancing through the list, "and Miss Crickmay doesn't play it badly. Then there's that other girl—she's not so experienced, but she plays with uncommon feeling and intelligence; she's got more in her than Crickmay, I think. She's playing Jess Neil in 'A Person of Quality.'"

"Miss De Bernoulli!" Mr. Brougham jumped up. The frown had left his face. "Miss Desborough, of course. Gray introduced her to me, I remember; odd a girl introduced by a man should turn out so well! Let me see, she's playing at Sunderland now. Wire for her to come up at once—to be at the theatre to-morrow at eleven."

Mr. Brougham went out to watch the rehearsal in quite a good temper.

CHAPTER XXV. "Sunshine in My Heart."

About half-past twelve that day Janet received the news that Mr. Brougham wished to see her in London on the following morning. The telegram had been sent to the manager of the company, who brought it across to her lodgings.

"The train leaves for King's Cross at 2.10, so you have heaps of time to catch it," he said.

He did not seem particularly pleased. The arrival of the telegram had disturbed a little outing he had planned for that afternoon. There would have to be a rehearsal instead in order that

the actress who understudied Miss Desborough could run through her part before the evening performance, according to instructions from London. He gave Janet the railway fare, and, though it was only Tuesday, paid her her full salary for the week.

Janet packed hastily, rushed across to the theatre for such of her things as were in the dressing-room, said good-bye without much regret to several members of the company who lived near, and drove to the station all in a high state of excitement.

Why had Mr. Brougham sent for her? Since her week's salary had been paid, it was clear to her she was not going back to "A Person of Quality." It could only mean good news, whatever the reason was, she thought; perhaps to play a better part in another of the manager's companies—yet surely in that case she would not have to go to London to see Mr. Brougham, but straight to the town where the other company was playing. Could it be that he wanted her to take a part in London? Janet knew that he was rehearsing a new production for the Renaissance Theatre. A little thrill passed through her at the thought.

To play in London! Yet, could it be possible? She had not been taking the leading part in the touring company, yet if, in some wonderful way, Mr. Brougham should want her for his new piece in town! How much it would mean to her, however small the part might be! It would mean the chance of her career. She found herself dreaming of all that such a chance might lead to as the train rushed southwards to London. London, where perhaps fame awaited her! Had her chance come?

To play in London—it would mean so much in every way. In London she would be near her child, little Elsie, whom she had only seen once during the six months since she had placed her in the care of Mrs. Wicker. She would see Elsie to-morrow. It would be too late to-night, when she reached London, to go and see her—Mrs. Wicker lived over in South Norwood, and she would not reach King's Cross till nine or thereabouts. It would be too late to go to-night; but she would see her child to-morrow, after she had had her interview with Mr. Brougham—what might not that interview have in store for her? A fierce impatience consumed her. If only he had given a hint in his telegram why he wanted to see her.

Oh, if only Mr. Brougham were to offer her an engagement to-morrow that would keep her in town!

She reached King's Cross as it was striking nine. She drove in a cab to the Strand, feeling a little excited thrill to be in the midst of its roar again. Once, she remembered, as she walked wearily along it, feeling hopeless and benten, she had hated it. But those days of struggle and despond-

Continued on page 9.

HOP-FIELD MYSTERY.

Public Protests Prevent a Repe-
tition of the Secret Court.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

FARNHAM, Wednesday.

Judging by his demeanour, both in the cell and in the police court, the eighteen-year-old farm-hand, Frank Fry, who is charged with the murder of his boy friend, George White, near Farnham, is easy in his mind and confident of acquittal.

Since the last remand Fry has been quite happy and cheerful, singing and humming the gayest of songs to the manifest surprise of outsiders, who stopped to listen to the sounds of music coming from his cell.

When he was brought up at Farnham Police Court to-day the proceedings were thrown open to the public, in contrast to the previous hearing, when the Court sat with closed doors. It is believed that the protests which this procedure had aroused induced the magistrates on this occasion to forego their somewhat remarkable desire for a second secret sitting.

Fry appeared totally unconcerned as he stood forward in the dock, and was apparently little interested in the proceedings. He is a thick-set youth, of about the average height, and with dark hair.

"I Never Done It."

Mr. Pearce, on behalf of the Public Prosecutor, briefly intimated that he desired a remand until to-morrow, when, he said, the case would be gone into fully. To this, Mr. Jackson, for the prisoner, agreed, and the formality of reading over the evidence of Superintendent Simmonds, given at the first hearing, was gone through.

From this it appeared that Fry, on being charged, said: "I never done it, sir," and subsequently, "I never did it, and I don't know who did."

Fry was then remanded until to-morrow, and smiled brightly at the constable who removed him.

FIGHTING THE FLAMES.

Fire Brigade's Weekly Drill with
Smoke Helmets.

One of the weekly sights at Southwark is the Wednesday afternoon practice of the Fire Brigade. Thirty-nine men turned out to drill yesterday afternoon. Immediately the alarm was given the yard and stables were alive with firemen. The harness clicked as it fell into place on the horses' backs, and in a few seconds the engine, with its complement of firemen, was galloped across the quadrangle.

At these drills the men go through all the evolutions of a brigade in action against fire.

An especially interesting feature is the smoke helmet drill. This contrivance, which is somewhat similar to that used by submarine divers, has been found most useful for entering burning buildings where it is impossible for a man to breathe under ordinary conditions. A current of air is forced through the helmet with a bellows, and a portable telephone enables the firemen outside the building to adjust the flow of water and the lengths of hose to the requirements of the man inside.

The men are all carefully trained to carry insensible people out of burning buildings and down ladders. For practice they each in turn carry their comrades.

Photographs of firemen at drill are on pages 6 and 7.

Continued] STAGE-STRUCK. [from Page 8.

ence were over; she was getting on, and it seemed somehow to welcome her.

She spent the night in one of the smaller hotels in a side street off the Strand, and was on her way to Mr. Brougham and the Renaissance Theatre in good time the next day.

This time there was no delay as she presented herself at the stage door. The doorkeeper knew her; she had rehearsed in that theatre the play with which she had been on tour. She passed down the dark corridor, through the second door opening flush on the stage.

On the stage a small knot of actors and actresses had appeared for the rehearsal; all were strangers to Janet; she made her way to Mr. Homer's room on the other side, and knocked at the door.

"Come in," answered a voice.

She opened the door and found Mr. Homer there, who rose to shake hands.

"I expect Mr. Brougham any moment. Won't you sit down?"

He drew a chair forward, then went on writing at his desk. Janet was a little before the specified time. Almost on the stroke of eleven Mr. Brougham entered.

"Morning, Miss Desborough. Glad to see you so punctual," was his greeting. "Now to business, and my reason for wiring you. You've been playing Jess Neil on tour—at first you understood the part, whilst you played Elsie Havlock. In Bolton you played the leading part for six nights, owing to the illness of Miss Lacy. You played it in rather a different style from her rendering; for instance, you took the letter scene in a quieter way, with more repressed emotion, than Miss Lacy, who played it with vehement passion."

He paused, as though he were asking a question. Janet could not tell whether he had disapproved of her rendering.

"I played it as I felt it, Mr. Brougham," she said, nervously. "Perhaps I was wrong—"

"No, I shouldn't like to say that. Temperaments vary, of course, and it depends on her temperament how in real life a woman would have acted under those given circumstances," he said, in his rapid way. "You played the part throughout in a different key from Miss Lacy, and, therefore, if you had played that scene I mentioned as Miss Lacy did it wouldn't have been consistent with the character you made the woman. You were quite right to play the part as you felt it, instead of merely copying Miss Lacy's rendering."

Janet flushed with pleasure at the words. It surprised her that he seemed to know everything about her work.

"Now, in the piece I'm putting on here there's a scene that has some intrinsic resemblance to the scene I've been speaking of. The scene is this."

ROYAL CRICKET CLUB.

The King Will Entertain Teams
at Windsor.

The Royal Household Cricket Club, of which Lord Farquhar is president, will open the season on their new ground at Windsor Castle on Whit Monday, when they will play an eleven of the firm of Messrs. Heath, of London, the King's hatters. The ground has been beautifully laid out, and in all probability his Majesty will be present at the opening match.

The ground at the Castle is picturesquely situated between Frogmore and the Long Walk, and a professional groundman is to be appointed. A handsome royal pavilion is to be erected to accommodate the King and members of the Royal Family, and a spacious club pavilion is also to be built.

The King is taking the keenest interest in the club, and by his Majesty's orders visiting teams will be conveyed to the ground in royal brakes and will be hospitably entertained.

Lord Howe and Colonel Davis will probably assist the club in the more important matches. There is a membership of about two hundred, but only one eleven will take the field. All the score sheets will be forwarded for his Majesty's inspection.

"LEAP YEAR" DINNER.

Where Ladies of Distinction Will Take
the Part of Men.

An eagerly-anticipated event takes place to-night, at Prince's, in Piccadilly, in the Leap Year dinner, organised by various important ladies in aid of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women.

A feature of the dinner will be that ladies, instead of men, will preside at the different tables, where each will entertain a party of guests.

The dinner will be held in the picture galleries, which adjoin the restaurant. The Duchess of Marlborough is presiding at the American table, where the American Ambassador and Mrs. Choate will be among the guests; Lady Cadogan and Lady Yarborough will be at the peeresses' table; Mrs. Walter Palmer at the House of Commons table; and Mrs. Beerholm Tree, Mrs. Kendal, and Mrs. George Alexander at the Drama table.

Portraits of the Duchess of Marlborough and Countess Cadogan appear on page 6.

BARMAIDS TITLED FRIEND.

Agitated barmaids in danger of dismissal have found a champion in Lady Frances Balfour, the Prime Minister's sister-in-law.

"The proposal to do away with barmaids is perfectly monstrous," she told a *Mirror* representative.

"One argument out of which much capital has been made is that barmaids remain in one situation so short a time. I investigated this carefully and found that the average time spent in a place is ten years. A good deal longer, let me tell you, than the domestic service average."

Asked if she were starting a society to support their cause, Lady Frances Balfour explained that, till legislation was introduced, there would be nothing for such a society to do. "All I and others have done," she said, "is to write a few letters to the 'Times' giving our ideas, principally to show how exceedingly hot we shall make it for anyone who does introduce legislation."

In a few rapid words he outlined the situation and characters in it. "How would you take that scene? These are the lines of the woman's part; read them through now."

He handed her a typewritten part, in which the dialogue of the one character was given with the cues.

Janet read the lines through. Perhaps she was going to be given this part to understand; it seemed so important a part for her to dare to hope she would be given it to play.

"Now imagine you're rehearsing, Miss Desborough. Speak that speech beginning, 'Jim, say it isn't true! I can't believe this of you—' to show me the key in which you think it ought to be taken."

It was a great emotional situation; accident had revealed to a young wife that the husband she adored married her solely from a sordid motive, and that he has not even kept true to his marriage vows. Janet felt she knew how Miss Lacy would play such a part—with a very storm of passion and feeling, that would be theatrically effective enough. But Mr. Brougham had said, "Be consistent to temperament; play the part as you feel it." She felt that in life this young wife, loving the man she had found out, would at first be almost dead; her voice would hardly reach above a whisper; she would feel so much that she would not find indignation and scorn at first; the first fierce agony of the woman's soul would leave her almost voiceless. Janet determined to speak the words as, if the circumstances had been her own, she would have felt them.

Nervously she began the speech, but she conquered the nervousness; her voice came in low intense accents, full of incredulous honour, with a sob that could be felt throughout the words—

Mr. Brougham stopped her before the fourth line.

"Thank you," he said curtly.

Janet put the typewritten part back on the desk, conscious of a sudden sinking of her spirits. She thought she had failed to satisfy him. For a moment or two he did not speak; then he said:

"You had better keep the scrip, Miss Desborough. You are engaged for the part at seven guineas a week. You will begin rehearsing at once—rehearsal at eleven to-morrow morning. You will draw your first week's salary in advance this morning. I'll phone through to the acting manager now, and he will pay you at the box-office."

He held out his hand. "Good morning."

So Janet passed out into the street that morning, feeling that at last her future was coming to meet her.

She was no longer merely a provincial actress. Her London chance had come! How bright the sunlight in the street seemed.

To be continued to-morrow.

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